

THE SUNDAY OF DR. T. DE WITT
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A well-known musician, I found with
the following in the hands of the
organist of the church of the
Episcopal church of the city of New York.

Sept. 7. Dr. T. De Witt
The following was given in the
hands of the organist of the
Episcopal church of the city of New York.

A well-known musician, I found with
the following in the hands of the
organist of the church of the
Episcopal church of the city of New York.

The same many whose most ecstatic
delight is to be found in melodies, and
all the splendor of celestial gates, and
all the brightness of twelve
number of fruits, and all the rush of floods
from under the throne of God would
not make heaven for them if there
were no organ and transporting harmonies.

Let none aspire to that blessed place
who have no love for this exercise,
for although it is many ages since the
throne was set and the harps were
strung, there has been no cessation in
the song, excepting once for about
thirty minutes, and judging from the
glorious things now transpiring in God's
world, and the ever accumulating triumphs
of the Messiah, that was the last
half hour that heaven will ever be
silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new
song. Sometimes I have in church
been flooded away upon some great
chorus, in which all our people seemed
to mingle their voices, and I have in
the glow of my emotions said: "Surely
this is made good enough for heaven."
I have said: "I do not believe that 'Luther's
Hymn' or 'Gloria' or 'Credo' or 'Agnus
Dei' or 'Mount Pisgah' would sound
as if spoken by sainted lips
or emanated from seraphic harps.
There are many of our fathers
and mothers in glory who would
be slow to shut heaven's gates
against the sweetest harmonies. But
this, we are told, is a new song. Some
of our greatest anthems and chorals
are compositions from other tunes. The
sweetest parts of them gathered up into
the harmony, and I have sometimes
thought that this 'new song' may be
partly made up of sweet strains of
earthly music mingled in eternal
choral. But it will, after all, be a new
song. This I do know, that in sweet-
ness and power it will be something
that our never heard. All the skill of
the oldest harpers of heaven will be
brought into it. All the love of God's
heart will be in it. In its cadences
the floods will clap their hands, and it
will drop with the sunlight of everlasting
day and breathe with odors from the
blossoms of the tree of life. "A
new song" - just made for heaven.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS WROTE.
Many earthly songs are written by
composers just for the purpose of mak-
ing a tune, and the hand is loaded with
note books in which really valuable
tunes are the exception. But once in
a while a new melody is wrought up by some
great spirit, and moved by some ex-
quisite sadness, and heeds down to
write a new melody, in which every
note or every word is a spark dropped
from the hand of his own burning in-
spiration. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so
Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley.
Inspired and pressed with misfortunes
and pain, and at last resolved on su-
icide, and asked the cab driver to take
him to a certain place where he ex-
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ODDS AND ENDS

There are features so gracious that
the patient and kindness of good
breeding seem theirs by inheritance.

Mrs. J. H. Taylor, of Pompano, Fla.,
decided to discard an old pin cushion,
but curiosity prompted her to dis-
cover it first. She removed just the
needles that had been lost therein.

A western Massachusetts dentist is
said to have a small boy sit in his office
and yell at the top of his lungs occa-
sionally. It tends an air of business to
the establishment.

Sydney Smith, in his youth, was very
shy. He cured himself of the disease
by making two discoveries: first, that
people were not employed in observing
him; and next, that the world estimated
a man at his true value.

An Astoria man is 73 years of age
and a capitalist, and is willing to run a
mile race with any man of his age for
a purse of \$10,000.

The projected railway up the Jung
frau goes to a height of 13,000 feet, far
above the lowest limit of perpetual
snow, and it is proposed to tunnel the
mountain the entire distance.

Howard Taylor, the expert tennis
player and winner of this year's Water-
bury cup, is still young, despite his
length of service on the tennis field.
He is but 24, having entered Harvard
at 16. He graduated in 1886.

Rev. Dr. Wayland, who has been
called the "Chapman Dewey of Phila-
delphia in the matter of after dinner
speaking, is six feet one and one-half
inches in height, has a dark complex-
ion and heavy eyebrows. His physical
appearance is much like that of Abra-
ham Lincoln.

Waterbury, Conn., has adopted an
economical plan for securing new sign-
boards on the principal thoroughfares
leading into the place from the adjoin-
ing country towns. The selectmen have
authorized an advertising agent to erect
thirty-six of these boards, on condition
that the town is put to no expense.

The agent has sold the advertising
space on twenty-four of the boards to
two merchants.

Of the three prizes offered by Public
Opinion for the three best essays on the
importance of the study of current
topics as a feature of school and college
education, the first prize, \$50, was won
by Rev. Hamilton Bartlett, of Provi-
dence, R. I.; the second, of \$30, by Re-
becca Shively, of Chambersburg, Pa.,
and the third, \$20, by Frank Morton,
of Clarksville, Tenn.

A Greek woman who died at Limf-
opol, Russia, lately, is said to have
been 112 years old. She was working
in her garden to the last moment. Be-
coming tired she lay down to rest, and
passed away without a struggle. There
are many centenarians in the Crimea.
Three years ago there was in Kertch
an old soldier whose dismissal from the
army dated from the time of Katherine
II, and whose authenticated creden-
tials put his age at 128 years.

A little 2-year-old girl of Brooklyn,
while playing on the second floor,
managed in some way to fall out of
the window, and would no doubt have
been severely injured but for the fact
that she pulled two pillows with her
that were on the sill. She turned over
in the fall and struck with both pillows
underneath her. After a short cry she
got up and resumed her game, this
time, however, in the street.

Although Rev. Sam Small is a D. D.
and the president of a university, he
can't get a certificate of church mem-
bership. He lost his membership in
the Methodist church when he joined
the Episcopal church, and then he lost
his membership in the Episcopal church
when he went back to the Methodist
church. Consequently he has no pa-
pers of any kind to show, and may have
to join the local Methodist church in
Ogden, Utah, on probation.

The Albert medal of the English So-
ciety of Arts has been awarded to Dr.
W. H. Perkins, F. R. S., for his dis-
covery of the method of obtaining col-
oring matter from coal tar, a discovery
which led to the establishment of a
new and important industry, and to the
utilization of large quantities of a pre-
viously worthless material.

NERVE OF A CHURCH MOUSE.

Choirists and Organists, started by
his appearance during service.

"Now, children, take your places,"
said the choir master.

The choir, vested, "formed" in the
vestry room, ready for the professional.

The incident occurred in an Episco-
pal church on a Sunday, and owing to
the loyalty of the church members did
not leak out for several days.

The choir consists largely of young
girls about 20, the rest are boys and
men. The organist is a lady. The
congregation was quite numerous, and
everybody had thimble shifting, shuf-
fling, blowing, humming, buzzing and
coughing in his seat preparatory to
the professional hymn. Two abreast,
the smallest wee bits of boys in the
van, the surprised rector in the rear,
the choir stood, open books in their
hands, ready to strike in with "Hark -
hark, my soul, angelic songs are
swelling" at the first tone of the organ.

The sign was given. The organist drew
the stops and the blower's "alarm."
The blower worked the handle like a
real good blower and the lady touched
a chord.

"Speak," said the organ. "Blow-
ewow, rattle rattle-speak." Then it
stopped altogether. More wind. One
"speak" from the instrument and
"Hark, hark," from the choir, and si-
lence and consternation once more.
The congregation became restless; the
vestrymen looked serious and the ush-
ers and small boys hilarious. In this
emergency the choir master rushed out
and made a dart behind the organ,
opened it and—"rattle-rattle-rattle" it
went again. The trackers moved ever
so little, but move they did.

"Don't touch the keys," he said to
the lady organist.

"I didn't," she replied.

"Then there is— Give me your um-
brella" (this to the blower).

With the umbrella the choir master
poked between the trackers and finish-
ed this sentence, "Then there is a mouse
in the organ."

"Peep," said the mouse at the same
time, and hid in the keyboard, moving
the keys like a ghost. Up jumped the
organist from her seat and scooted
(that's slang) across the chancel, as far
away from the organ as possible. Real-
izing that something must be done to
have service, the choir master signaled
to his choir to march in with "Hark,
hark" their several and respective souls,
but without organ accompaniment.

They obeyed, and right well they
managed to sing unassisted by pipe or
reed, the choir master meanwhile dili-
gently poking away at the rodent. This,
the mouse thought, was rather too
personal to be pleasant. So with a
crawl or leap it escaped the threaten-
ing umbrella, and made for a hole in
the wainscoting, which it reached in
safety. The lady organist was induced
to return to her seat, and the service
was continued with smoothness and
reverence.

Church mice are poor, that's true.
But if they cannot find enough to gnaw
in the sexton's larder or the rector's
cupboard, they certainly ought to
think twice before satisfying their
cravings with the hidden harmonies of
the king of instruments.—Pittsburg
Chronicle-Telegraph.

Editorial.

When Gen. Sheridan was in com-
mand of the military department of the
northwest at Chicago, so the story
goes, he had as a sort of door tender
and footman at his office in the city
an Irish corporal whose faithfulness
was not to be questioned, but who had
a way, sometimes troublesome, of tak-
ing everything exactly as it was said.

One day a gentleman called at the
headquarters and asked:

"Is the general to be seen today?"

"Faix, I think he is that, sorr," said
Corp. Michael.

"Then I will step in if you please."

The corporal bowed the visitor into
the general's anteroom. There was no
sign of Sheridan, but the visitor, think-
ing that he had stepped out for a mo-
ment and would presently return, sat
down to wait.

He waited half an hour or more, and
then began to grow impatient. Finally
he returned to the corporal at the door.

"See here, corporal," said he, "I
thought you told me Gen. Sheridan
was to be seen."

"And so he is, sorr," at Washington,"
said the corporal in a matter of fact
way. —Youth's Companion.

Farmer Keith's Terrible Discovery.
Jasper Keith, a farmer living in Win-
ston county, Alabama, awoke one
morning and found his wife and 8-
month-old baby dead in bed by his
side. Their bodies were badly swollen,
and coiled in one corner of the bed
was a moss-eaten snake, whose bite is
fatal as that of the rattlesnake. Dur-
ing the night the snake had crawled
into the bed and had bitten Mrs. Keith
and the child. Keith was so overcome
with grief and horror that he fell pro-
strate across the dead bodies of his wife
and baby.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when
Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant
and refreshing to the taste, and acts
gently yet promptly on the Kidneys,
Liver and Bowels, cleanses the sys-
tem effectually, dispels colds, head-
aches and fevers and cures habitual
constipation. Syrup of Figs is the
only remedy of its kind ever pro-
duced, pleasing to the taste and ac-
ceptable to the stomach, prompt in
its action and truly beneficial in its
effects, prepared only from the most
healthy and agreeable substances, its
many excellent qualities commend it
to all and have made it the most
popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c
and \$1 bottles by all leading drug-
gists. Any reliable druggist who
may not have it on hand will procure
it promptly for any one who
wishes to try it. Do not accept any
substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

BIG 4

HARVEST EXCURSIONS!

TO THE —

WEST & NORTHWEST,
SOUTH,

Southwest and Southeast.

The Cleveland, Cincinnati,
Chicago and St. Louis Ry.

—WILL SELL—
ROUND TRIP
EXCURSION - TICKETS!

To all prominent points in the West
and Northwest, South, South-
west and Southeast.

—AT—
HALF RATES

—ON—
Tuesday, September 9th,
Tuesday, September 23d,
Tuesday, October 14th,

All tickets good returning thirty days from
date of sale. This is a glorious opportunity
for Home Seekers to visit the territory
named, and who would invite correspondence
on the subject. For full information
call on or address:

E. A. DOMHAUGH,
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THE CHICAGO AND ATLANTIC RAILWAY

With its Pullman Built Equipment, Substan-
tially Constructed Roadbed and Low Rates
of Fare, Insures a Safe, Expedient and Eco-
nomical Journey to All Points East and
West. Write to your nearest railway
agent for the Atlantic Low Rates
Via this line.

TIME TABLE, Taking Effect May 11, 1900.

EASTWARD.				
	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 12.	No. 10.
Lv. Chicago	6:25am	8:30pm	7:55pm	5:50pm
Ar. New York	6:45am	8:40pm	8:05pm	6:05pm
Ar. Washington	9:00am	11:20pm	8:20pm	6:20pm
Ar. Philadelphia	9:15am	11:35pm	8:35pm	6:35pm
Ar. Baltimore	9:30am	11:50pm	8:50pm	6:50pm
Ar. New Haven	10:15am	12:35pm	9:35pm	7:35pm
Ar. New York	10:57am	1:17pm	10:40pm	8:27pm
Ar. Boston	11:25am	1:45pm	11:00pm	8:55pm
Ar. New York	12:50pm	3:10pm	11:50pm	
Ar. New York	1:15pm	7:16pm	12:13pm	
Ar. New York	1:29pm			
Ar. New York	1:50pm	1:50pm	12:50pm	5:10pm
Ar. New York	2:40pm			6:05pm
Ar. New York	2:45pm	8:45pm	1:44pm	6:10pm
Ar. New York	3:25pm		2:15pm	6:50pm
Ar. New York	3:50pm		2:40pm	7:10pm
Ar. New York	5:05pm	9:55pm	3:00pm	9:00pm
Ar. New York	5:30pm			9:30pm
Ar. New York	5:55pm		4:15pm	9:50pm
Ar. New York	7:05pm	10:25pm	4:30pm	10:10pm
Ar. New York	7:05pm	11:25pm	4:30pm	10:10pm
Ar. New York	11:00pm	7:00pm		
Ar. New York	9:45pm	12:00pm		

